

## INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

President General—Mrs. Cynthia W. Allen,  
Headquarters—96 Fifth Avenue, New York.  
State President, Florida, Mrs. Mary L.  
Bradt, 211 West Adams, S. Jacksonville.

"Have you a kindness shown?  
Pass it on;  
'Twas not given for you alone.  
Pass it on;  
Let it travel down the years,  
Let it wipe another's tears,  
Till in heaven the deed appears,  
Pass it on;

Motto—Good Cheer.  
Colors—Yellow and white.  
State Color—Deep Orange.  
Flower—Coreopsis.  
Song—"Scatter Sunshine."

## THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

Would you have the world made better?  
Then watch and work and pray,  
To the wheels just put your shoulder,  
For the lifting wins the day.  
Pass it on.

If you'll sing a song as you go along,  
In the face of the real or the fancied wrong;  
In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out  
And show a heart that is brave and stout;  
If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears,  
You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers  
That the world denies when a coward cries,  
To give us the man who bravely tries  
And you'll win success with a little song—  
If you'll sing a song as you go along!

If you'll sing a song as you plod along,  
You'll find that the busy, rushing throng  
Will catch the strain of the glad refrain;  
That the sun will follow the blinding rain;  
That the clouds will fly from the blackened sky;  
That the stars will come out by and by;  
And you'll make new friends, till hope descends  
From where the placid rainbow bends;  
And all because of a little song—  
If you'll sing the song as you plod along!

If you'll sing a song as you trudge along,  
You'll see that the singing will make you strong;  
And the heavy load and the rugged road,  
And the sling and the stripe of the tortuous goad  
Will soar with the note that you set afloat;  
That the beam will change to a trifling mote;  
That the world is bad when you are sad,  
And bright and beautiful when glad,  
That all you need is a little song—  
If you'll sing the song as you trudge along.

—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## Do Noble Things—Not Dream Them.

The dreamer sighed:  
"My starved heart craves a work to do,  
My idle hands employment woo.  
Oh, for the din and clash of war,  
For valorous deeds and cannons' roar!"  
But as he dreamed brave souls fell,  
Score on score,  
And duty knocked in vain upon his door.

Again he sighed:  
"Oh, for a name! a name that long  
Would wake the nation's heart to song;  
Sweep through the land, from east to west,  
Nor fade till all the world's at rest."  
But as he dreamed of glory far and wide,  
Unrecognized, fame lingered at his side.

## OF WORK AND WORKERS.

## Song of the Forest Hewers.

This is the joy of life, this truly marks  
The eternal difference 'twixt quick  
and dead!

Aye beat the rank vines down, for  
where we tread  
Dear homes shall follow! How the  
panther harks

To the keen echoing ax! Its rhythmic  
fall

Sends him, still snarling, to his evil  
den,

Sing out, great fertile fields! The  
sons of men

Shall kill the choking briars, and the  
tall

Oaks of the heavy years that trod  
you down

And barred the happy sunshine  
shall give place

To clover lands where golden bees  
may trace

Their paths among the blossoms. The  
blithe sound

Of quail shall now replace the sullen  
howl

Of ravening beasts. Throb pulse,  
and laughing eyes

Answer each other! Let the rich  
surprise

Of new made blood, untouched by  
humors foul,

Add strength to strength. Or, beauti-  
ful wide earth,

How riotously sweet the tasks you  
give!

And how may we who in such pleas-  
ure live

Express the half of what we feel life  
worth?

Clinton Dangerfield.

## The Breaking-Plow.

I am the plow that turns the sod  
That has lain for a thousand years  
Where the prairie's wind-tossed flowers  
nod

And the wolf her wild cub rears,  
I come, and in my wake, like rain,

Is scattered the golden seed;  
I change the leagues of lonely plain

To fruitful gardens and field of grain  
For men and their hungry breed.

I greet the earth in its rosy morn,  
I am first to stir the soil,

I bring the glory of wheat and corn  
For the crowning of those who toil.

I am civilization's seal and sign,  
Yea, I am the mighty pen

That writes the sod with a pledge  
divine,

A promise to pay with bread and wine  
For the sweat of the honest men.

I am the end of things that were,  
And the birth of things to be;

My coming makes the earth to stir  
With a new and strange decree;

After the slumbers, deep and long,  
I waken the drowsy sod,

And sow my furrow with lifts of song  
To glad the heart of the mighty throng

Slow feeling the way to God.

A thousand summers the prairie rose  
Has gladdened the hermit bee;

A thousand winters the drifting snows  
Have withered the grassy sea;

Before me curls the wavering smoke  
Of the Indian's smoldering fire,

Behind me rise—was it God who  
spoke?—

At the toil-enchanted hammer's stroke,  
The town and the glittering spire.

I give the soil to the one who does,  
For the joy of him and his,

I rouse the slumbering world that was  
To the diligent world that is.

Oh, Seer with vision that looks away  
A thousand long years from now,

The marvelous nation your eyes sur-  
vey

Was born of the purpose that here,  
today,

Is guiding the breaking plow!  
—Nixon Waterman, in Success.

Of Work and Workers, from the  
Man with the Hoe, typical of the  
laborer, not of one degraded by labor,  
to the men who lead the world.

True, the men with the hoe may  
be a type of the laborer who intelli-  
gently uses the tools to be obtained  
doing the work nearest at hand, or,  
the type of one whose intelligence does  
not apparently rise far above the clod  
he breaks; he may be literally son of  
the soil which has been turned heavily  
in one fashion for decades; under dog  
in the race for life; very near those  
beasts of the field who "in the begin-  
ning" held up weak arms, imploring  
to be uplifted; semblances of human  
beings, merely; degraded not because  
of labor, but lacking intelligence.

Let us then use our brains and  
join in giving thanks for them.

## A Thanksgiving.

Thank God for brains; and for the  
plan

That hid them far below the brink  
Of bitter cups. The happy man  
Has never learned to think.

Thank God for pluck—unknown to  
slaves—

The self ne'er of itself breft,  
Who when the right arm's shattered,  
waves

The good flag in the left.

Thank God for humor. Still unborn  
Is he who is not truly blest,

Who makes the point of many a thorn  
The point of many a jest.

Thank God for pity—for all men—

The self ne'er of itself bereft,  
And if the gods are cruel, then

Thank God I'm not a god.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Contented in that he never learned  
to think! that is too often the verdict  
an intelligent jury would better render.  
The causes of crime frequently lay in  
ignorance and stupidity, not in crimi-  
nal intent. Are these types happy?  
Have they depths of feeling to be  
stirred? Are these semblances of  
human beings then who cannot be  
roused by some sentiments of love or  
honor?

Who is wise enough or rises far  
enough above his own lower depth  
to say? Death frequently has no  
terrors for such we hear; they face it,  
and the daily routine as doggedly as  
they turn the soil, perhaps as hope-  
lessly, not noting the beauty of tiny  
shoots or blooms.

These are problems we must leave  
to deep thinkers in each ethics:

## A Smile and a Song.

There is hope for the man who strug-  
gles

To win in the endless throng—

There is hope, I say,

Tho' the skies be gray,

If he works with a smile and a song

There is hope for the toiler weary,  
Tho' the task and the road are long—

There's joy in the world,

And her flags unfurled

Will wave to the smile and the song.

What matters the ways dark and  
dreary—

What matters the sin and the wrong?  
There is hope, I say,

To drive 'em away

If you work with a smile and a song!

Lorenzo Sosso writes on The Im-  
portance of Being Earnest, in the real-  
ization and fulfilling of artistic and  
literary labor, quoting in all serious-  
ness the title of Oscar Wilde's brilliant-  
ly epigrammatic comedy:

"Must one more recreant to his race  
Die with unexerted powers?"

Notes one "worthy critic, the modern  
Childe Roland: "After a life spent  
training for the sight, who, once of  
old could boast.

"There they are, ranged along the  
book shelves, met

For me to criticise; each mighty  
name

Echoing down the corridors of Fame,  
I see them all and know them all, and  
yet

Dauntless the pen-point to the page I  
set

And write: 'I came, and saw, and  
overcame—'

having discovered the dark tower to  
be the publisher's sanctum, is now  
pleasantly engaged in the task of  
adulatory comment; and having long  
ago sheathed the sword of his sar-  
casm, is toying idly with the quill of  
encomium."

Some "efforts are lacking not only  
power but purpose." Some fortunately  
"posses intensity and seriousness,  
purpose and power."

Emerson, in his essay on Compensa-  
tion, has taught us the homely philo-  
sophy of life. For literature, as well  
as life, "invests itself with inevitable  
conditions," and one of the most in-  
evitable of these is the eternal truth  
of soul equation. For unless we pay  
the terrible price, which every act  
exacts from its passionate votaries,  
we shall not be worthy of divinest  
consecration." "Nothing but condign  
punishment will attend those who  
violate the sanctity of sincerity. Let  
them "travel the pathway of the soul  
in its quest of the eternal truth and  
beauty." And this shall be the  
epitaph of those who worship the di-  
vine Muses with singleness of heart:

"And it came to pass that after  
awhile the artist was forgotten—but  
the work lived."

## "Can't."

Things progress so rapidly nowa-  
days that the man who says, "It is  
impossible" usually has to dodge  
quickly to get out of the way of the  
man who is doing it. Of all the mean  
men who were ever born (it couldn't  
possibly have been a woman) the man  
who invented the word "Can't" comes  
way up in front. That one little word  
has been responsible for more mis-  
fortune and more failures, and more  
misery than anything of its size in  
existence. "Oh, I simply can't" ought  
to be a criminal offense. If you think  
you "can't" of course you "can't" and  
you never will. I forget who that  
old soldier was who said, "If it is  
possible it is already done; if it is im-  
possible we will do it at once," but  
whosoever he was, he did great things,  
you can be sure.

Now a woman couldn't have origin-  
ated that word, if it is true that when  
a woman says no she means yes, be-  
cause if she "can't" she can on that  
basis, and yet women seem to have  
taken a large interest in that word.  
Of course, you, my dear reader, never  
meet a difficulty or an unpleasant sit-  
uation with a "can't," but if you are  
ever tempted to, please remember  
that the word "can't" is not in the  
English, and particularly in the Ameri-  
can, language, but is purely an invent-  
or, a myth, the result of the workings  
of some one's weak and irresponsible  
mind. If you don't believe me, just  
go and do it and then you will see I  
am right, and that there is no such  
thing as "can't." Try it. Let us,  
therefore, know no such words as fail  
—eliminate the very word "can't,"  
which tends either to make the listless  
sure they cannot succeed, hence, no  
use to try, the restless rebelliously de-  
termined, with or without reason, to  
make the attempt. Even if good mat-  
terial is spoiled, such action is a dis-  
tinct gain if the purpose be sincere.  
"Tis dogged as does it" and this dog-  
gedness, bringing us around the circle  
to the attitude of the man with the  
hoe, lies at the foundation of all  
achievements.

## REVELATION.

They told me poppies in the wheat  
were red,

That southern skies were deeply, dark-  
ly blue;

And I who loved the jewel words they  
said—I thought I knew.

But when I crossed a sea that seemed  
to stand

Within a hollowed sapphire closely  
sealed,

And saw the poppies flame across  
the land—It was revealed.

Go shout your secret down the wind,  
And write where all may read it;

For only the enlightened heart  
Will find the treasure you impart,

And only he will heed it.

The world will love your shining  
words,